

KRS-One Lyrics

"Gunnin' Em Down"

Uh-huh! Y'all forgot about this shit right? Haha
Haha, TURN THE RADIO OFF!!
Word! Yeah, whattup Choco? Haha
Yo turn it around for me one time
Uhh, uhh, yo

I don't despise thugs, I (ADVISE) thugs
I teach y'all thugs, cause that's what I was
Yeah I say was cause today I'm above
All the guns, illegal funds, the crews and the drugs
ANY HOOD I walk in, they show me love
They say 'Knowledge Reigns Supreme, WHATTUP CUZ?'
Cops wanna get sit down and get all bud
They wanna think as they drink drink down to the suds
I respect it, but I don't get down with the fuzz
I don't drink with DT's I don't hang with the judge
But truth be truth and I got the proof
Most ministers were straight thugged out in they youth
See if you're over 25 and you never got live
when it was time to ride, you ain't got no heart
But if you're over 26 and you're still in the mix
and your life you ain't fixed, you ain't doin your part
You see them cats on TV, playin the role?
Gassin y'all, them cats be over thirty years old!
Actin all dirty and cold
NONE OF MY CLASSIC ALBUMS they was worthy to hold
I'm concerned with the soul, overstand?
When we was slappin up rappers they was doin the running man
You don't know my style, we be straight gunnin man
If you don't know you better ask your older brother man
Shit gets realer than, Real TV
From eighty-six, ain't no rapper realer than me
Or Just-Ice, I.C.U. or Steady B
What y'all waitin to see? Somethin faker than me?
Don't let me have to pull out the Jamaican in me
I'd rather pull out the asalaam alaikum in me
Wa-alaikum salaam, yo you wan' tess de Don?
BLAOW BLAOW BLAOW-BLOAW-BLAOW, bwoy gone!

[Chorus]

They don't really wanna learn - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo they really ain't concerned - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the book - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't want a conscious hook - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna pay dues - well start gunnin 'em down!
They be actin brand new - well start gunnin 'em down!
They don't wanna get the light - well start gunnin 'em down!
Yo, pass me the mic - we'll start gunnin 'em down!

Watch dis! Your crew is my crew and my crew is my crew
Your crew you lied to, my crew will find you
The light I recite will blind and outshine you
Street cats be wonderin why they even signed you
Where they find you? WHO is the first cat to rap
"wa-da-da-ding" and show you what the nine do?
You ain't never seen me behave with them firearms
Maybe not, cause you just a slave to Viacom
Me, I'm a free MC hip-hopper
I teach real gangsters, hang with real Godsters
I am to hip-hop what Selassie is to rastas
Watch your mouth before someone I don't know pops ya
Lemme stop, don't-a-stop the street rhetoric, ha
Your soul you sellin it ha, come wit some better shit, ha
In five years your whole catalogue's irrelevant ha
You spit the ignorance while I spit intelligence
You got it backwards like sayin hop-hip
That's why when you battled your whole crew got ripped!

[needle drags across record] You wanna battle?

[Chorus]